

Dear Diary,

As I write this at the end of what started as a normal day, I am left here wide open in complete disarray. It started like any other morning; it was cool and dark when the lights suddenly came on. There he was, right on time, Lloyd coming in for his morning ritual. Again, I am left bearing what feels like the weight of the world for what seems like forever. He's playing clash of clans, taking his sweet time as I am left with the burden of carrying the filth. I am in fear of a gross overuse of the ultra-plush 3-ply and with good reason as it happens every morning. To my surprise, in what I can only consider to be a miracle, the excrement passed through without issue. Then it was open, close, flush, open, lift seat, close, flush, open, close, flush throughout the rest of the day. One highlight was after the time when Tommy came in, he is smaller than the others, hit and miss on the seat lift, and also suffers from poor aim. It was unfortunate, and I felt bad, but she did it to herself; Susan neglected to look before she plopped and sprung off me like a rocket upon feeling the cold, wet seat. On the bright side, she wiped me up, clean, and ready to tackle the rest of the day. All-day long, I could hear talking, just outside, it was hard to make out exact words, but I think they said party, and I knew I was in for a busy night. Fast forward to Susan, clearly not herself in that moment, on her knees violently praying to me, the porcelain god. If I had arms, I would have held her hair as I was being showered from the side of a human I am not used to seeing. When it was over, Susan laid there with her arms wrapped around me, and I felt something strange, a new feeling to which I could not describe. It was something in the realm of complete and total disgust, but so much worse.